worth in the Englifh : hee is a proper mans picture, but alas vvho can conuerfe with a dumbe fhow ? how odly hee is futed, *I* thinke he bought his doublet in *I*talie, his round hofe in Fraunce, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behauiour euery where.

Nerriſſa. What thinke you of the Scottiſh Lorde his neighbour ?

Portia. That hee hath a neyghbourlie charitie in him, for hee borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Engliſhman , and ſwore hee would pay him againe when he was able : *I* think the Frenchman became his ſuretie, and ſeald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies nephew ?

Por. Very vildlie in the morning when hee is ſober , and moſt vildly in the afternoone when he is drunke : when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, & when he is worſt he is little better then a beaſt, and the worſt fall that euer fell , I hope I ſhall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. Yf hee ſhoulde offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Portia. Therefore for feare of the worſt, *I* pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reyniſhe vvine on the contrarie Casket , for if the deuill be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will chooſe it . I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere *I* will be married to a ſpunge.

Nerriſſa. You needе not feare Ladie the hauing anie of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with theyr determinations, which is indeede to returne to theyr home , and to trouble you with no more ſute, vnleſſe you may be wonne by ſome other ſort thē your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. Yf I liue to be as old as Sibilla, *I* will die as chaſt as Diana, vnleſſe I be obtained by the maner of my Fathers will : I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but *I* doate on his very abſence : & *I* pray God graunt them a faire departure.

Nerriſſa. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Venecian a Scholler & a Souldiour that came hether in companie of the Marqueſſe of Mountferrat ?

Portia.

Portia. Yes, yes, it was

Ner. True maddam ,
eyes look'd vpon, was the

Portia. *I* remember hi
thy prayſe
How nowe, vvhat newes ?
En

Ser. The foure ſtrang
leaue : and there is a fore-
Moroco, who brings wor
night.

Por. Yf *I* could bid the
bid the other foure farewe
he haue the condition of a
had rather he ſhould ſhriu
ſirra goe before : whiles we
knocks at the doore.

Enter *Baſſanio*

Shy. Three thouſand du

Baſſ. *I* ſir, for three mont

Shy. For three months,

Baſſ. For the which as I t
Anthonio ſhalbe bo

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall beco

Baſſ. May you ſted me ?
Shall *I* know

Shy. Three thouſand du
and *Anthonio*

Baſſ. Your aunſwere to

Shy. *Anthonio* is a goo

Baſſ. Haue you heard an

Shylocke. Ho no, no,
a good man, is to haue yo
yet his meanes are in ſup
to Tripolis, another to th
on the Ryalta, hee hath a

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